

T H E

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Gown of Green

To which are added,

The Shepherd's Daughter.

Cupid the pretty Plough Boy.

The SAILOR'S RETURN.

The VAUXHALL WATCH.



Entered according to Order.



THE GOWN OF GREEN.

SOME people speak of Hector's deeds,
 and Alexander's fame,
 Some of proud Nero's tyrannies,
 but no such thing we'll name:
 But listen and I will declare,
 as briefly as I can.

The only fashion now in vogue,
 is call'd the gown of green.

Young women they are fickle things,
 when they begin to woo,
 The more you follow after them,
 the more they fly from you;
 But turn your backs upon them, boys,
 and do not them pursue,
 Give them the gown of green to wear,
 and then they'll follow you.

Some men to please their mistresses,
 will buy 'em ruffles and rings,
 Some jewels and fine ornaments,
 and other costly things;
 But he that would her favour gain,
 must use his best endeavour,
 To give her the gown of green to wear,
 then she'll be yours for ever.

My love she's tall and handsome
 she's comely in her dress,
 She thinks herself a comely girl,
 indeed I think no less;



Her rosy cheeks and dimpled chin,
 her age is just sixteen,
 Yet struggling did at last consent,
 to take the gown of green.

My true love and I was walking,
 a little bit out of town,
 We spy'd a bank of fragrant flow'rs,
 were gently pressed down,
 She smiling unto me did say,
 somebody here has been,
 Or else some gentle shepherdes,
 getting a gown of green.

When Adam first created was,
 none in the world but he,
 Our mother Eve she was his bride,
 and full of modesty;
 No beds of down for them were made,
 but just a flowry plain,
 No wonder then her daughters love,
 to take the gown of green.

This gown of green it is so rare,
 'tis never out of fashion,
 'Tis worn by Lords and Gentlemen,
 and Ladies of high station;
 For e'er since Adam was a boy,
 this thing has ever been,
 'Tis worn by every nation, boys,
 and call'd the gown of green.

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The SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

THERE was a shepherd's daughter,
 kept sheep on yonder hill,
 There was a knight and he was bright,
 who fain would have his will.

Sing O ro malando,
 Crying, O ro follow me,
 Go follow me to the begging green,
 My own dear Lamachree,

He has ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
 and has gently laid her down,
 And when he got his will of her
 he took her up again. And, &c.

Now since you've got your will of me,
 and brought my body to shame,
 You'll be so good, kind Sir, indeed,
 as tell to me your name And, &c.

Sometimes they call me Jack he says,
 other times they call me John
 But when I'm in the king's court,
 My name is sweet William. And, &c.

Then she took up her petticoats,
 a little above the knee,
 And she's away to the king's court,
 as fast as she could hie. And, &c.

When she came to the king's court,
 she knocked at the pin,
 There was none so ready as the king,
 to let this maiden in. And, &c.

O what's your will with me madam?
 O what's your will with me?
 Sir there's a man into your court
 this day has robbed me. And, &c.

O has he robb'd you of your gold,
 or yet of your penny fee,
 Or has he rob'd thee of thy maidenhead,
 the flower of thy body. And, &c.

He has not robb'd me of my gold,
 nor yet of my penny fee,
 But he's robb'd me of my maidenhead,
 the flower of my body. And, &c.

O his if he be a married man,
 its hanged he must be,
 But if he be a bachelor,
 thy husband he shall be. And, &c.

O the king has call'd out his merry men all,
 by thirty and by three.
 Sweet William he should been foremost man,
 the last man he but three.

Then he's ta'en out a purse of gold,
 and told it on a stone,
 Saying take up that my dearest dear,
 and go thou thy ways home. And, &c.

I want none of your purse of gold,
 you've told on a stone to me,
 But I will have your fair body,
 the king has granted me. And, &c.

Then he's ta'en out a purse of gold,
 and he told it in a glove,
 Saying take you that my dearest dear,
 go seek another love. And, &c.

I want none of your purse of gold,
 you told in a glove to me,
 But I will have your fair body,
 the king has granted me. And, &c.

Then he's ta'en out a purse of gold,
 and told it on his knee,
 Saying take you that my dearest dear,
 you'll get no more of me. And, &c.

I wish I had drunk of the water,
 when I drank of the wine,
 That e'er a shepherd's daughter,
 should been a lover of mine. And, &c.

O when she came to her father's gate,
 where she did reckon kin,
 She was the queen of fair Scotland,
 and he but a goldsmith's son. And, &c.

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CUPID THE PRETTY PLOUGH BOY.

AS I walked out one May morning,
 when May was all in bloom,
 I went into the meadow sweet,
 to take the sweet perfume,
 I went into the flowery field,
 I turn'd my head a while,
 Where I saw Cupid the plough boy,
 who did my heart beguile.

As this young man was ploughing,
 his furrows deep and low,
 Breaking his clods in pieces,
 some barley for to sow,
 I with the pretty plough boy,
 my eyes had never seen,
 'Twas Cupid the pretty plough boy,
 with his arrows sharp and keen.

If I should write a letter,
 my mind to him unfold,
 Perhaps he'd take it scornful,
 and say I am full bold,
 I wish he would prove kinder,
 return my heart again,
 'Tis Cupid that pretty plough boy,
 with his arrows sharp and keen.

A worthy rich young gentleman,
 a courting to me came,
 And because I would not marry him,
 my parents did me blame,
 Adieu, young man for ever,
 farewell, for e'er adieu,
 It is Cupid the pretty plough boy,
 has caused my heart to rue.

The plough boy hearing the lady,
 most sadly to complain,
 Cried my dearest jewel,
 I will ease you of your pain,
 If you will wed a plough boy,
 for ever I will be true,
 It is you my heart have won,
 and I love none but you.

The Lady soon consented,
 to be his lawful bride,
 So then they went unto the church,
 and there the knot was tied,
 So now they live in pleasure,
 for they have gold in store,
 The lady and the plough boy,
 each other do adore.

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THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

LET fops pretend in flames to melt,
 And talk of pain they never felt,
 We Sailors scorn disguise or art,
 And with our hands bestow our heart.

Let ladies prudishly deny,
 Look cold and give their tongue the lye,
 I own the passion in my breast,
 And long to make my lover bless'd.



For this the sailor on the mast,
Endures the cold and cutting blast,
All dropping wet throughout the night,
And braves the fury of the fight.

For this the virgin pines and sighs,
With throbbing heart and streaming eyes,
'Till sweet rivers of joy she proves,
And clasps the tender lad the loves.

Ye British youth, be brave you'll find,
The British virgins will prove kind
Protect their beauty from all harms,
And they'll reward you with their charms.

THE VAUXHALL WATCH.

MY name's Tady Blany I'll be bound
Neither man nor boy upon the ground,
Full twenty years I've beat my round,
Crying Vauxhall Watch.

My time it being a little short,
To be sure I have had some sport,
With the gentles that to this place resort,
When Crying Vauxhall Watch.

Macaronies, what a sight,
Then of pretty damsels neat and tight,
Of a star-light morn I've bid good night,
Crying Vauxhall Watch.

The spark replies no one will see,
You are deceiv'd, my soul said she,
There's that with thief, meaning me,
Crying Vauxhall Watch.

Then I gets a thirteen not to talk,
And I genly steal t'wards the dark walk,
I then decamp no sport to baulk,
Crying Vauxhall Watch.

P I N I S.